

Temper and Green Tulle

By Sarah McConnell

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

He was busy getting the thought of her out of his mind, and put it to be free and his own man again. She was capricious, inconsistent, vain; she was self-willed and full of wiles; she was—oh, she was Alexandra Lee. He would not think of her.

A great deal that had happened that night was blurred to him. But the bang of the carriage door as they started home reverberated in his mind like the crack of doom. It had slipped from his hand and swung to with a crash. Alexandra's laugh mocked him. "With any one else, George, I'd have said the door slammed."

He remembered how she looked as he turned, something strange in her eyes that matched, in impression, the misty multitudinous rufflings and billowings of her gown—that frivolous, fluttering, elusive green tulle he had watched all evening as she danced with every other man in the room—with Herbert Hartley, a dawning, dangling derelict, a signpost to every path but that of rectitude—of all men in the world, Herbert Hartley!

From her carriage corner Alexandra sighed. "I've had such a good time, and now I suppose there's the piper to pay."

"If you mean there is Hartley to settle for?"

"Herbert? You've a tone that hints at 'thirty and fourthly, brethren,' and poor Herbert! He's so much more of a song than a sermon."

That began it. He had never meant to quarrel, only to deal with her in a firm, prompt fashion, as a man should. Firm, prompt he had been, with certain ability of exposition that served him well in courts of law, but with Alexandra—

She bent down as he ended. "Are you there, Alexandra?" she asked of the floor. "Poor dear, there is nothing left to pick up. Oh, I'm tired, tired! I'm stifled. I can't breathe. There, take it back!" And she tossed the ring across to him. "Now one can draw a free breath."

"Alexandra!" he begged. But he had cut, and she meant he should pay. And hers was a pretty gift of table turning.

He held his anger down. No more doors should slam by chance about him, and it was only as they neared the house that he interrupted. "We haven't gained anything this way. Discuss me again. The point is Herbert Hartley."

"Then I must put on my bonds again? Where is the ring?"

"But he hadn't the ring."

"You had it last."

"I laid it in your lap."

But it was not in her lap nor the seat nor the carriage. Alexandra laughed. "Oh, thrifty George, are you sure you've not taken it back for safe keeping?"

He stood a long moment at her door. "And Hartley?" he said.

"Insistence was match to her powder."

"How can I answer unless we're engaged? And people can't be engaged without rings, can they, George? You seem to think with mine on that I fall to remember. Bring it back to me and—good night!"

After a week of wrath mingled with pain he got himself under control and wrote her. But the answer came back the same absurd, maddening, almost insulting reiteration—the ring, always the ring. A perversity that or a provocation, did she use it now as a weapon? He hadn't the ring, she knew.

Life was turmoil once Alexandra entered, and he remembered with what perverse astuteness she had said herself: "I'm like a mustard plaster on your mind. You'd better take me off before I raise a blister."

But she was in every wind that blew, and without her nothing was worth while that once had been.

So for a fortnight he had gone about his accustomed ways, and, though many a flutter of familiar skirts had set his heart a-jump, yet he never had met Alex since that night. Then a case of some importance took him out of town with such sharp demand upon all his faculties that he had known a sort of respite.

But back in the town his work was all to do again. He went his way down to his office; he bowed to people who drove past with a swift hope that Alex would not be with them. And then unexpectedly with a group near the Hurds—there was Alex!

Yes, it was Alexandra and Evelyn Hurd, and with them Herbert Hartley. The group stood until he had almost reached them, when Hartley turned, and Evelyn went back to the house, while Alex stopped by the Hurds' waiting carriage.

He knew she had seen him long before, but it was not of her insincerities he most disliked—she acted out acute surprise. He put a stiffer guard upon himself.

A stiffer guard! She called it by another name. She hated him when he was like that. How futile he made her feel, how trivial, how vain! Well, at least she would make him feel once more and betray it; she would wring out of him a protest.

And then her mind misgave her. Was she being left with the situation on her hands? Would he accept without protest? Would he never speak? She looked up and then down again; to her unguarded hand on which her eyes were fixed. A seal ring of Herbert's took the place of the one that was lost. A joke—a stupid joke—it

stupidity lent her a stammering tongue. "George, George!" she called after him, but she uttered only an inflexible back. With Herbert's name on her lips and Herbert's ring on her finger, she was indeed left committed to the situation the last of her desiring.

Alexandra daunted Herbert Hartley in Greenfield's face; she waved him abroad like a banner. If the town hummed with rumors of her, she helped the rumor wax, but helped it to no explanation.

But with her family there was one topic that, like the weapon used in committing a crime, seemed always impossible to dispose of. The mile green tulle—why didn't she wear it? And that was the one thing she couldn't do.

It was their house dressmaker that in a measure vanquished her at last. "One, two, three," measured the woman. "That's only once and a quarter, and I'll need as much again. Those ruffles on your mile green underpetticoat—they're a match, Miss Alexandra, and we're in a hurry."

Alexandra went into her room, shutting the door behind. The tulle hung upon the hooks with a kind of defiant grace, as if it still held something of its owner's quality. She took the gown down slowly and spread it gently out upon the bed. How happy she had been when she had worn it—the last time she had been happy!

She had meant they should have a memorable evening, she and George and the gown. And how had it so fallen out? Coquetry? What did it mean except that if it were good to be with George it was a joy still subtler to dance away with some one else knowing his eyes held her, followed her, and that for each the crowded room held only the other? Precoit, alluring, half a mystery to herself, it was like a fold of the silk that shimmered over its silk lining.

She slipped down upon the floor by the bedside and began to rip the flounces. What was it he said that had made her so angry? Her vanity was as endless as her caprice. He shouldn't have said it, and yet—it was true enough. Well, she had warned him. He was well rid of her. He had come out of the matter with a better grace than she had, except about the ring. No doubt it had been found long ago. It angered her afresh to think how stubborn he had been not to have told her. The way to make her feel how small she was was not to tell her so—that never served—but to take the big way and put her in the wrong by being generous. If he had given her a chance, half a chance—

The scissors snipped, snipped. It was thus she had laid a sharp tool on her happiness. She was cutting the stuff, but what did it matter? She was always cutting and tearing something dear to her.

And the ruffles must come off, they said. She bent nearer. She might as well tear and be done.

What was the last thing on which the scissors struck and caught? Not, surely not—In her hand lay the ring.

"Alex!" He had come at her urgent summons, but hotly rebellious. And yet Alex, there before him—a curious figure hung about with green silk ruffles—Alexa, gripped, remorseful, pouring her heart out. How was it possible to withstand her?

"And I suppose," he said, the ring half back in its place again—"I suppose I'll have to marry you to save you from."

But she would not let him speak the ominous name.

"You'll have to marry me to save me from Alexandra Lee."

Refused the Queen's Invitation.

Mme. Anfonette Sterling, the American singer, once unconsciously committed a breach of etiquette which is recorded in the son's memoir of his mother. Queen Victoria commanded Mme. Sterling to sing before her. Without any thought of offending the singer replied simply that she was sorry, but on the evening designated she was engaged to sing for a charity. She would be pleased to sing for her majesty the next week. The consternation among court officials was great. What would have happened if the singer had not been prevailed upon to break her engagement and comply with the queen's best only a lord chamberlain knows. Even a lord chamberlain could not prevail on her to break her rigid resolution against wearing a low dress at a concert, and court custom had to yield to her. The queen took unconscious revenge on the American by presenting her with a tea service, for Mme. Sterling kept all her life a childish resolution never to drink tea because the spilling of the tea in Boston harbor was the symbol of American defiance of England.

Reed's Retort to Dingley.

When the town of Brunswick, Me., celebrated some years ago the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation there was a big dinner, and Tom Reed and Nelson Dingley were present and were, of course, called upon to speak. Dingley spoke first and said in conclusion that he had made no preparation and would make way for a gentleman who had come with a prepared speech, meaning Reed, who got back at Dingley as follows:

"Mr. Toastmaster, I am sorry to begin an apology. Some time ago I attended a celebration like this in Unity, in Waldo county, and there heard Governor Dingley refer touchingly to Unity as his birthplace. I afterward learned that the governor was also born in Durham, in the county of Androscoggin, and I know that nothing but my presence here prevents his claiming he was born in Brunswick too. And I feel like apologizing for being here, for it will hereafter be an honor to have shared in the birthplace of Governor Dingley."—Pittsburg Times.

D. WM. H. VAN GIESON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., and 7 to 8 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 24.

S. O. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 68-1—Bloomfield.

D. R. W. F. HARRISON,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 9 to 9:30 A. M., 5 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 197-4—Bloomfield.

CHAS. E. HALFPENNY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office: 800 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield.

SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, JR.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Commercial and Real Estate Law.
UNION BUILDING, NEWARK, N. J.
17 Washington Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

Frederick R. Plich, Henry G. Plich.
PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
15 OLINGTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. R. Plich, 79 Watkinson Avenue.

HAILEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD
Prudential Building, 265 Bloomfield Avenue.

WM. DOUGLAS MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE:
149 Broadway, New York City.
Residence, 12 Austin Place,
Bloomfield, N. J.

ERNEST BAROHLIN,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
National Bank Building, Bloomfield, N. J.
Residence: 24 Berkeley Heights Park.
Telephone 1227-1.

ALFRED B. VAN LIEW
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
UNION BUILDING, OLINGTON STREET,
NEWARK, N. J.
Telephone 1828 Newark.

JOHN F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
Exchange Building, 45 Olington Street, Newark
Residence: 78 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
21 Linden Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144.

Chemicals. Colors. Dyes.

INK
Used in Printing This Paper
IS MANUFACTURED BY
J. M. HUBER,
275 Water St.,
NEW YORK.

Martin J. Callahan,
CONTRACTOR.
Flagging, Curbing and Paving.
A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and
Gaps, and Dollar Steps constantly on hand.
STONE YARD, ON GLENWOOD AVE.
NEAR D. L. & W. R. R. DEPOT.
RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STREET.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

THE DYNAMITER.

We Must Be a Man of Many Parts,
With Nerve and Coolness.

In an article on "Dynamite: the Power of Unfathomable," Samuel Hopkins Adams thus describes the man who handles the explosive and his ways:

"The finished type of the dynamiter is the man who has had the ability to rise and the luck to survive long enough to graduate from the plant and become an agent. In his best embodiment the explosive agent is something of a chemist, something of a quarryman, something of an electrician, a good deal of a mineralogist and above all a man of resource and coolness. It is he who does the exploding. The factory gets notice from a railroad that a ledge of rock which blocks their line of advance. A way goes the agent, with his gripeack full of ready-made destruction, to look the thing over. First he draws upon his mineralogic lore to determine the nature of the rock. If it is very hard he uses a high grade of his explosive, which delivers a quick, shattering blow. In case of soft rock the lower grade supplies a blast which will produce a wider effect, although it will not break the dislodged rock into such small pieces. Next as a quarryman he considers the nature of the ledge and the indicated fissures or veins and plans his drilling accordingly. Then he must attend to the drilling of the holes, the tamping of the charge and—here his electrical knowledge is called for—the arrangement of the batteries. After a few blasts he gives the railroad company his estimate, and if it is accepted he may oversee the job himself.

"Often he meets his rivals on the ground. Then comes the tug of war. Tricks of the trade are many and not all of them scrupulous. Where many agents are gathered together it seems to be a point of honor with every man to handle his particular article with the utmost apparent carelessness, while he manifests a shrinking timidity toward the products of his competitors. This is to impress the outsider. So the agent will toss about a twenty-five pound package of dynamite like so much meal, kick it, drop it over fences or down ledges and generally maltreat it. If the dynamite is fresh this is all right, but occasionally something goes wrong, and theory, together with the theorist, is blown to atoms in practice. Theoretically a high explosive should detonate only when set off by means of a fulminate of mercury cap, and some of the safety explosives apparently live up to this. But anything with nitroglycerin in it is best treated with consideration, for nitro is a very uncertain quantity."

STAIN REMOVERS.

Grass Stains.—Alcohol or molasses.
Blood Stains.—Soak in cold soap-suds to which a little kerosene has been added.

Fresh Paint.—Try kerosene, vaseline or machine oil; then wash with soap and cold water.

Ink Stains.—Dip into boiling water, spread over a basin, rub well with salts of sorrel; then rinse thoroughly.

Wine Stains.—Sprinkle thickly with salt while still wet. If dried wet with boiling water, rub thoroughly with salt and pour boiling water through.

Rust.—Wet in cold water, spread on the grass; then apply to each spot ordinary table salt wet with lemon juice. As fast as it dries renew the application. As soon as the stain is removed rinse thoroughly.

Indelible Ink.—Soak in a solution of common salt; then wash with diluted ammonia. Rinse well. Javelle's water and a solution of oxalic acid will also remove indelible ink. Rinsing must follow immediately and thoroughly.

For American Citizens.

When the visitor approached the diplomatic gallery of the senate chamber the doorkeeper informed him, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, that the gallery was reserved for foreign representatives.

"It is here?" said the visitor. "Well, I want to tell you right now that this is a free country, and this is the senate of the United States, and I demand admission in the name of American citizenship."

"Oh!" said the doorkeeper. "Why didn't you say at first that you were an American citizen? Just step around to the second door from here. That gallery is reserved for American citizens."

With chest puffed up the stranger betook himself to the door indicated and was at once admitted to the public gallery.

Only London Humor Genuine.

All the best humor that exists in our language is cockney humor. Chaucer was a cockney. He had his house close to the abbey. Dickens was a cockney; he said he could not think without the London streets. The Londoners heard always the quaintest conversation, whether it was Ben Jonson's at the Mermaid or Sam Johnson's at the Cock. Even in our time it may be noted that the most vital and genuine humor is still written about London.—Illustrated London News.

Gentlemanly Kind.

First Burglar.—How'd you happen to break into Smith's house last night? Second Burglar.—I was going past there yesterday, and I heard Mrs. Smith tell 'em some one that she waked up three times the night before listenin' for a burglar, but nobody come. You know, I never like to disappoint a woman!—Detroit Free Press.

They May Recover.

When a couple is engaged it doesn't necessarily follow that they will never have any sense.—New York Press.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,
No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Ho
Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses.
Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and
most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect.

If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.
Courteous Attention and Satisf
Telephone No. 72. Guaranteed.

There are Patents, and there are

PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.

We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.

Our preliminary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them

DRAKE & CO., Patents

Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,
Telephone 2104-2. NEWARK, N. J.

CHARLES A. KEYLER,

General Furnishing.

Undertakers
and Embalmers.

556 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Everything pertaining to the Business furnished.

TELEPHONE CALL NO. 35.

HARNESS



BLANKETS

OUR SUCCESS

is due to the fact that we always live up to our reputation for making the best looking, best wearing

HARNESS

in the market. In all our Horse Goods we use good materials and first class workmanship. Don't disfigure a good horse with old shabby Harness when we can fit you so well and so economically.

GLOVES.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,

10 BROAD STREET,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

TELEPHONE 754-1.

(B)
Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.

Beware

Of High Prices! What's the use in paying exorbitant sums for Furniture, etc., when you can buy so cheaply here? EVERY DAY is Bargain day at Old 73.

Lowest Prices and Easiest Terms in the State every day in the week but Sunday.

Sideboards



17.00 Sideboards, Sale Price 12.98

20.00 Sideboards, Sale Price 15.49

25.00 Sideboards, Sale Price 19.65

30.00 Sideboards, Sale Price 24.00

35.00 Sideboards, Sale Price 28.25

60 Styles

BUFFETS,

Thirty Styles.

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.

Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store.

ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS

73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Telephone 550

EXTENSION TABLES



7.00 Tables, Sale Price 4.98

12.00 Tables, Sale Price 7.85

15.00 Tables, Sale Price 10.50

China Closets,

50 Styles

The "PORTLAND" RANGE

The price winner in every home in which it's used, and the one over 17,000 of 'em. "All the newest and best improvements." Sold here only, also self-feeding Cylinder, Laundry and Pot Stoves.

Telephone 550